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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE HERMIT THRUSH

Into the woods at eve I went
  Alone, and softly trod.
To seek if happy I might hear
  The violins of God.

A russet carpet for my feet
  The tall, gray pine-trees shed,
And ghostlike in the balmy dusk
  My silent footsteps sped.

When rich and sweet from fragrant heights
  Rang out the clear refrain
As if an angel touched the strings
  Again and yet again.

'Twas brimmed with all immortal things,
  That poignant, liquid strain,
Life, death, and love, and fairyland,
  And triumph over pain.

All earthly thoughts slipped from my soul,
  Light mounting to the skies;
He little recks of care or woe
  Who dreams in Paradise.

And that is why at eve I flit
  Through pathways seldom trod,
Where haply I may chance to hear
  The violins of God.

Isabel Francis Bellows.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1914 Number 19

FRATERNITY.

I know not but in every leaf
That sprang to life along with me,
Were written all the joy and grief
Thenceforth my fate to be.

The wind that whispered to the earth,
The bird that sang its earliest lay,
The flower that blossomed at my birth,
My kinsmen all were they.

Ay, but for fellowship with these
I had not been—nay, might not be;
Nor they but vagrant melodies
Till harmonized to me.

—*John B. Tabb.*

A special commission reports that the annual food bill of Chicago amounts to $325,000,000, $51,000,000 of which might be saved by a more adequate market system and inter-urban and urban freight transportation. At the present time of the consumer's dollar the producer gets fifty-three cents, the railroads seven cents, the jobber ten cents, and the retailer not less than thirty cents. Surely here is need of better scientific management.

According to the Statistical Laboratory of Columbia University, two-thirds of the babies born in New York during 1910 were foreign born. Twenty-two per cent were from Italian mothers, twenty per cent from Russian and Polish, nine per cent from Austro-Hungarian, six per cent from Irish, four per cent from German and six per cent from other foreigners which we may presume included the English mothers. And still we talk of England as the "Mother Country!"

Sir Percy Scott, said to be a high naval authority, has recently declared that the dreadnaught is doomed as a mechanical fallacy in the art of war. The submarine and the aeroplane have rendered it a clumsy and costly thing, a useless monster. If naval crafts are to be required they must be of the small submarine or torpedo destroyer type assisted by the aeroplane. What a pity! How this will throw honest laborers out of employment, discourage ironmasters and take the glory out of war!

The Advance is glad that the scientists are getting after larger game than microbes. The house-fly is a more tangible enemy, but now they have lit upon the rat, of which there are five, we are told, for every human being in the world. It is said that their destruction of food amounts to one-tenth of the human needs. The rat is the most destructive of all beasts and if any animal gets the upper hand of the human race it will be the rat. It is man's worst enemy. Rats! Rats! Rats! All the destructive rats do not go on four legs, do they?

The Christian Commonwealth, the organ of progressive movement in religion and social ethics in England, has an interesting article entitled, "Dean Inge Among the Unitarians." This high Episcopalian functionary has been found addressing Unitarians at their anniversary meeting, and, what is still more scandalous, sitting down to luncheon with these heretics and responding to the toast of "The Church Universal," in which address he said:

> Denominational barriers go neither down to the bottom nor up to the top. In the highest region, that of devotion, Christendom has never been divided. Not ignoring real differences of organization, etc., we must try to break down those barriers which are clearly artificial and unreal. Denominational barriers less and less correspond to real differences in religious belief or temperament. For that reason I, for one, heartily rejoice in anything that brings together members of different Christian denominations. We come, perhaps, with the idea that we will make a heroic attempt to jump over barriers and get together, and when we meet we find that no jump is required, because no barrier exists.

The Independent for June 22 is a Mediation Number, a most notable issue. We understand that it is the purpose of the publishers to distribute a large number of them among the clergymen of this and other countries. In addition to many interesting and interpretative pictures, Mr. Hamilton Holt, the Senior Editor, gives a graphic account of his visit to the A B C delegation at Niagara Falls. We suspect it is the fullest and clearest account yet published of the personnel of this most hopeful and significant gathering of the year. In addition to this matter there are short comments on the significance of the Niagara Falls conference by nineteen members of the directors and officers of the Church Peace Union, all bearing their testimony to the value of mediation. We congratulate our exchange on a most beautiful and successful execution of a most commendable plan. It will do much good in many ways and it ought to redound to the glory and advantage of *The Independent,* the most progressive and truly liberal, inclusive and constructive religious weekly now published in the United States.

Neighborhood Centres

The City Club of Chicago is a club that does things. It is alive not only to municipal problems in the abstract, but to municipal leadership in the concrete. It sets things a-going, champions unpopular movements, rebukes unscrupulous and selfish political bosses who aspire to leadership for which they are ethically and intellectually incompetent.

The Chicago City Club has proven itself alive to the fundamental truth that a city does not consist of streets, houses, skyscrapers and buildings however imposing in architecture or commercially profitable, but rather that a city must be a social unit with brains and heart, with head and conscience devoted to the promotion and well-being of the larger whole.

This club is also alive to the truth that this psychic unit, this community life, must clothe itself with a fitting and material garment, and so in times past this club has devoted itself to the housing problem. It has awakened the interest of architects. It has stimulated research work, calling attention to the inhumanity and the economic waste of the rotten shacks, the dingy styes in which humanity are quartered even in airy, windy Chicago, where space is limitless and the possibilities of transportation are the freest.

Last year the club had a competitive exhibit on the part of architects of the best lay-out for a typical quarter section of land in the outskirts of Chicago, which resulted in thirty-eight drawings being submitted which we understand are in process of publication. This year a scheme is developed for a competitive exhibit of neighborhood centre plans, $600 having been offered for prizes by one of the past presidents of the club The scheme assumes that a great city naturally falls into local centres for social, civic and commercial uses and they propose to develop such centers on right lines. The natural transportation junctions and crossings, the branch postoffices and branch libraries, the dance halls, the available auditoriums, the market houses, the club and lodge rooms, and, although perhaps not much emphasized in the scheme outlined, the churches might be or should be included in the social cluster.

Here comes the hard problem which not even the heroic City Club of Chicago has courage enough to tackle or wit enough to solve. A little study of existing embryonic centers of neighborhood life will reveal the fact that the churches are the most unneighborly forces in the neighborhood. Geographically they are generally distributed without regard to co-operation with neighboring churches, and when, through some blind groupings of real estate men, they are drawn together into a cluster, as the Oakland group on the south side of Chicago, their influence on the neighborhood is still divisive. While not antagonistic or suspicious of one another, there is the minimum of co-operation in the social life of the neighborhood, and the community on its higher side, the spiritual aspirations, intellectual activties, the social communions fall apart. These higher interests that should foster a central life are divided into Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational centers, cutting the social cherry into such small bits that they become tasteless. The inefficiency of city churches as social centers is easily traceable to this lack of unification. The impecuniosity of these non-social divisions would account for their inefficiency if there were no other reason. There are not men and dollars enough to make five social centers where geographically speaking there is but one.

We are well aware that the difficulty in the way of unifying the religious and spiritual interests of a community around a neighborhood center lies too deep for the architects to deal with, but while architects are dealing in ideals we would respectfully suggest that here is a chance for them to do some missionary work. Give to these theologically separated groups as much concentrated life as possible. They can come together to dance when their creeds permit, to sing, to listen to great music and high oratory or scientific discussions and demonstrations. They can come together to work for the poor, to devise methods to care for the needy, to Americanize the foreigner, to scrape off the pretenses of the wealthy and the suspicions of the poor. Let these promised neighborhood center studies provide for this common ground of the spirit and then let the sects provide themselves with their ecclesiastically limited chapels which, to meet the needs of the community, can be comparatively small and inexpensive.

In More's "Utopia" the places of worship were few but large and commodious and the priests of religion were few in number but men of great piety and marked ability, and the worship and teachings dealt with the universalities which interested the entire community.

The result of this neighborhood grouping upon future citizens will be the elimination of the multiplicity of sects and the unsocial dogmas, doctrines and forms. It will increase the religious life of the neighborhood by reducing the number of the churches.

We would respectfully submit to these competing architects that the existing religious needs of any possible neighborhood center in the city of Chicago can be met by having six different churches instead of ten or twelve. The Roman Catholic Church, in its very fundamental claim and historic rigidity, must bide apart. It may and will have its distinctive constituency and features. Perhaps the Episcopal Church, by virtue of its liturgical preferences, will be justified in trying to maintain the separate existence it now enjoys. The Evangelical Protestant churches that are

now trying so hard to do two things, namely, preserve their evangelical creed foundations and at the same time work together for the world's good, have no reason in the nature of things to keep apart. The Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and their various subdivisions have no worthy reasons for separate existence. Their confessed mission on earth and their hopes of heaven run together. The non-orthodox, those who cannot subscribe to the creeds, such as the Unitarians, Universalists, Ethical Culturists, People's Churches, etc., should readily find a common home and a common basis of social work and spiritual communion. The Jews must for a while yet worship apart for the same reason that keeps the Catholic Church distinct. And lastly the Christian Science people, who have so distinctive and divisive a philosophy and such highly specialized functions, apparently need a house of their own.

Thus we have reduced the neighborhood church needs to at least six side chapels, sufficiently removed the one from the other that the voice of the preacher and the hymn singing will not interfere with each other. But let them be sufficiently near to each other that they can use together the accommodations for the larger co-operative work of the higher life of the community mentioned above.

UNITY rejoices in this new quest of the City Club, the best results of which will come from the preliminary discussions. We hope at no distant day to print the scheme entire as laid out by the Civic Secretary of the club, George E. Hooker, to whom the city of Chicago already owes so much.

The Cigarette Cure

In a recent note we called attention to the "Silver Nitrate Cure" for the cigarette habit which has awakened the interest of workers among boys. The following prescription and general direction is issued by D. H. Kress, M. D., president of the Anti-Cigarette League of America. We print it entire for reasons indicated in the editorial alluded to. We hope those who appreciate the value of a fair trial and know how to apply the same will do some experimentation along these lines. For this purpose we reproduce the leaflet which can be obtained in quantities by addressing the Anti-Cigarette League of America, 1119 Woman's Temple, Chicago.

PRESCRIPTION.

Six ounces—Silver nitrate solution one-fourth of one per cent. (Keep in a colored bottle.) Use as a mouth wash after each meal, if necessary, for one week. Do not swallow any of the solution. *Cost does not exceed twenty-five cents.*

Gentian Root—(Not the powder.) Should be chewed between meals. It is slightly tonic and an aid to digestion. It may be used for several weeks. *Five cents' worth.*

The diet for the first two weeks should consist exclusively of fruits, well baked cereal foods and milk. The best cereal foods are Shredded Wheat Biscuits, Corn Flakes, Puffed Rice, Puffed Wheat, etc., used with cream and milk. Whole wheat or rye bread, nuts, eggs and cottage cheese may also be used. *At the close* of each meal eat fresh subacid fruits, as oranges, grapefruit, peaches, pears, pineapples, etc. Sweet milk or buttermilk should be used in place of tea or coffee.

Highly seasoned and stimulating foods and drinks intensify the craving for tobacco, while a grain, milk and fruit diet lessens it.

Eliminative baths should be taken to aid in getting rid of the stored up nicotine.

DIRECTIONS TO BE FOLLOWED.

The purpose of the treatment is, *first,* to create a distaste for the accustomed smoke. This is accomplished by the Silver Nitrate Solution and the Gentian Root. *Second,* to lessen and eliminate the desire for tobacco by a change in diet and the eliminative baths.

Practically all smokers are fond of coffee and use *too freely* of salt and meat, which necessitates the addition of pepper, mustard, pepper sauce or other irritants which excite or produce a feverish condition and nervousness. Narcotics afford temporary relief from these unwelcome symptoms, and naturally *tobacco,* the narcotic against which there exists the least prejudice, is resorted to.

By following closely the directions given in regard to diet and eliminative baths in connection with the Silver Nitrate treatment, the desire for tobacco will lessen and entirely disappear in from three to six weeks.

A Little Garden of Mysticism

IV.

The Eternal Christ

(*A final article on Mr. Newton's book, described in previous articles as an introduction to "Mysticism."*)

Now we have reached the summit chapters of our book, and stand before the Face that gives it name,—"the Eternal Christ." Here the Mysticism culminates. More wonderful than the story of ancient incarnation, "and none the less a well attested fact it is, that through all these ages Christ has been an eternal contemporary with mankind, at once an inner colleague of human souls and an unseen world-power purifying and exalting our life upon the earth. One reads history to little account who does not detect the footprints of the journeying Christ all down the years." All the gentling, beautifying influences in history are *gesta Christi* to our mystic: "Wherever there has been a note of pity in art, a white flower of purity in life, a song of hope in the night, a voice pleading for the poor, the lowly and the world-broken, a champion of those that fail, there somehow, in some form, is Christ, or the Soul of Christ." He is the inward comrade of the saints, whose lives "unfold his divinity in their humanity;" he is the healer and redeemer of the sin-sick; he is the comforter of all humble, burden-bearing souls. "They cannot think of him without thinking of God instead; and when they think of God and wonder what is in his heart, it always comes back to their trying to conceive of Jesus infinitely enlarged." The sweet and lofty psalm of faith sings on through many pages.

Of course a Christ-Fact such as this passes all understanding. "Back to Christ!" was the cry some years ago; and when the critics went back to him, what they found seemed to be "a blend of the picture painted by Renan and that painted by the dogmas of the creeds. Hence a certain vagueness in the thought of our age concerning him, which means that we are more than ever aware how vast and undefinable a Reality he is; a Master in other worlds than this, a revealer of the heart of things, yet one whose sole life is so entwined

with ours that we somewhat feel that what is true of him is in some degree true, potentially, of ourselves. How these two things can be united may be hard to know, but they are equally vivid and equally blessed in the faith of today. What shape faith may take in times to come no man can tell, but it is safe to predict that its chief adventures will be yet further discoveries of the Eternal Christ."

How can this Timeless Christ become *real* to us, not only as an Influence but as a Living Presence,—real to us, men of an age so far from that in which he stood on earth? Judging by the lives of those to whom he is this Presence, the secret lies in his own words, "Follow me!" With those words in our hearts he sets *us* the task which he has to fulfil in *our* time. "Only as we identify ourselves with our fellow-souls in their dire need, sit where they sit, hope for those who have no hope, and love for those who cannot love, do we know Christ and the eternal quality of his life. To those who follow him in these ways, whether they be simple or wise, he reveals himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings they pass through in his fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they learn in their own experience who he is,—that he is a Living Friend and Savior."

We called Mr. Newton's book a little Garden of Mysticism, and our long tale of the Garden's charm is told. We also said that apart from its own truth and beauty the book's significance lies in its revelations of "Mysticism" as the high meeting-ground of faiths that on lower levels stand far apart and opposed. He who writes the book is a Universalist minister approved and influential in his circle. But if this be today's higher Universalism, still more certainly it is the very heart of liberalizing Orthodoxy. Modern Orthodoxy is distinctly lessening its dogmatic and taking on a mystic tone; and if we read its book aright, its mysticism is almost exactly *this* in type and in phraseology. The change is a great gain intellectual, ethical and religious.

And now again we ask the question asked when we began: Does our Unitarianism stand alone, outside, having no part in this unifying Mysticism? If we know it rightly, Unitarianism is going also through a similar transfiguration from the dry rationalism of its early days to a higher mystic faith.

Mr. Newton's two summit chapters are delight in part because they seem familiar. Familiar with one difference, it is true. It is like going back to an old home and finding all we loved still there, but the home's *name* changed. Change but the name "Eternal Christ" to "God," and the described faith and experience seems our very own experience of what perhaps we call "the Immanence." Does it really matter whether it be the Immanence of "God," or that of "Christ"? Can the change in name affect the experience itself,—still more, "whole areas of reality?" An Orthodox friend should hardly find the change from "Christ" to "God" *essential* change, Christ being God to him. Yet he probably would; and our Universalist friend feels difference between the two experiences, his and ours, so wide that he expressly calls attention to it more than once. Tenderly and reverently do so, as in a passage already quoted, which makes his judgment the more significant. The Unitarian, he says, thinks of Jesus as a divine brother-Christ, spiritually the first-born among many brethren; but "surely Channing, Parker, Martineau, noble as they were, did not fathom the Fact of Christ. They did not explain the facts with regard to him as those facts are revealed, for instance, in the experience of St. Augustine and Wesley. Many things taught by Calvin, Wesley and Newman are unthinkable to some of us, while nearly all that Channing, Emerson and Martineau taught seems reasonable and true. But if it were a choice between the two,—as surely it need not be,—some of us would go with Wesley and Newman. Their experience of a rich, warm, personal fellowship with a Living Master is ours, even if their theology is not. Whole areas of reality were left out of account by Emerson and Martineau, and we have always the feeling that, if so much is true, more is true." Mr. Newton may be right. How can one surely tell, spite of similarity in the description, whether experiences in two souls are duplicates or even correlates? But *is* he right? How does *he* tell? "Whole areas of reality" left out in Martineau's and Channing's spiritual experience! Suppose "a rich, warm, personal fellowship" with the Living *God*,—how would it differ from a rich, warm fellowship with the Living *Christ?* If different, is the fellowship with the Christ the higher experience? What was Jesus' own experience but that of fellowship with God? Grant equal depths of feeling in a Wesley and a Martineau, and would not the latter's sense of companionship with the Eternal Father be really the utmost best a Wesley knows of companionship with the Eternal Christ?

A footnote on another page (p. 74) throws light upon our question. Speaking of the experience of companionship with the Living Christ, Mr. Newton says: "Here is, perhaps, the real point of divergence between Evangelicals and Unitarians, their theological differences being only so many shadows of it. Compare the words of Henry Ward Beecher: 'Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible.'" Reverse the question: Could Beecher worship Theodore Parker's God? The Eternal Father is his name. And Beecher all but owns that he could not! Parker would probably have said: We may differ widely concerning what happened in Palestine in ancient time, but we differ little, if at all, in that which happened in our souls this morning as we prayed; we are worshipping one and the same great God of love; his "Christ" I felt within me as my "Father,"—my "Father" he felt within him as his "Christ." And Beecher, speaking carefully, might have agreed that it was so.

Is not the difference simply this? Beecher's mind craved an "eidolon," a visible, substantial shape, to make God real to him; of course it took the highest form,—that of historic human personality. Parker's mind craved an image, too, for all minds do; but for him a *mental* image, an abstract of all "Fatherhood"—an *idea*, not an *eidol*—sufficed to make God real. A difference in the degree of outward form demanded to realize conception. That there are many more minds in Protestantism like Beecher's than like Parker's, is obvious; and the average Catholic mind craves

still more of outward form than the Protestant—it places its embodied Christ above the altar, as crucifix, as painting, to aid realization. But is such difference in mental aptitude or habit a difference in spiritual experience? "Our Father" was very *real* to Theodore Parker. As a little boy he would kneel by himself behind the pasture bush to have a quiet word with his "Father." When a man, his favorite sermon-themes were not the prophet-thunders of rebuke that made his pulpit famous, but themes of the soul's life. His sense of God was a sense of constant Presence, of unceasing fellowship,—a feeling so deep in source, and yet so near the surface, that often in his public prayer the tears would be falling from his face before he finished. Can such experience be "whole areas of reality" apart from that which gives a Wesley or a Beecher or a Gladden their joy of fellowship with Christ?

We confess to some sense of irreverence in thus measuring experience in the deep things of the spirit. The human consciousness of fellowship with the Eternal under any name may well hush words, still more hush argument and claim. Possession, not recognition, is the only thing important. If not recognized, the fault must surely be, large part, our own. Given full possession, and before long spirit recognizes spirit.

One thought, at any rate,—and Mr. Newton will agree to this, we think,—is well worth thinking over by both parties in the old controversy between Orthodox and Liberal: The more intensely the New Orthodoxy, through Mysticism, identifies its Eternal Christ with the Eternal God rather than with a local, dated incarnation, and the more a New Liberalism centers its faith in the mystic Immanence of God in Nature and the Soul, the more should the two systems be able to recognize each its own spiritual likeness in the other. It is Orthodoxy immature and Liberalism immature that go on emphasizing separation. On the heights of religious thinking, in the depths of religious feeling, on the wide fields of religious living, they are already largely one.

Again let me praise the book which leads us to such welcome truth as this. Three or four times have I read it, mainly not to analyze a disagreement, but because soul-satisfied and thankful. In imaginative insight, religious feeling, poetic phrasing, range of literary sources, catholicity of spirit, it belongs, not to the clearest type of religious thinking—how can it, if it be "Mysticism"? but—to the best type of liberalizing Christianity. I hope that my report may send other readers to explore for themselves the four paths of the little Garden.* W. C. G.

* "The Eternal Christ," by Joseph Fort Newton; published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, 1912. Price, $1.00.

Industrial Psychology

Mr. Randolph S. Bourne in the *Atlantic* for March has portrayed conditions in the industrial world, and has given a psychological analysis of the feelings and minds of millions of our wage-workers, which will command wide attention. Mr. Bourne is not a pessimist, not a mere colorist with a "cloth of gold" style; he is not narrow in his views, he sees the problems from many standpoints, and he brings to his sad task a breadth of genius and culture which is exceptional. And if anyone can read his paper without wet eyes and a choking about the heart, he is of a strange make-up.

Miss Josephine M. Burnham, in agreement with these views, in her vivid revelations in the March *Forum,* has given us some even darker chapters. She has shown that in the path of hundreds of thousands of working girls there lies only pinching poverty, it may be prostitution.

Mr. Bourne affirms that the "small business man" struggling to keep the loaf on the table and the fire on the hearth, the clerks going through their wearisome routine, the boys and girls in our big stores and shops, the crowds of "factory workers" spending from nine to ten hours every day in a monotonous circle, "over a still more monotonous machine," all moving like "a cog in a gigantic" scheme—all these in such conditions, where opportunity for promotion is so rare, cannot find any fruition to the desire "for order, power, achievement" or recognition. If in this psychic background there are discontent fear, carelessness, shirking, they are not necessarily "symptoms of personal deficiency"—no, they are reactions against a system that takes the "color and the zest" out of the natural and joyful industry of life. For the evils of specialization and of "division of labor into tiny fragments," the same system against which Carlyle and Ruskin "hurled their scorn," dominates still, as Mr. Bourne proves, and he affirms that the multitudes of our boys and girls have only a slender hypothetic equipment for the "serious tasks of life," for they leave school and go into store and shop before they receive even the "haphazard" training the school gives; and in their allotment they find themselves in a "strict regimen of labor and minute division" of that labor, and never have the pleasure of commencing and finishing a piece of work, like the poet, the artist or even the carpenter. Is it to be wondered at that after the day of monotonous toil our working boys and girls, men and women, should find their recreation in the street, the picture show, the dance hall or the saloon? How can there be in these conditions anything but intellectual narrowness and "moral stultification?"

Mr. Bourne is certainly optimistic when he sees in the lack of ambition and the weakening of the sense of responsibility our defense against the "tightening of the feudal bonds." But how out of an overworked body, a stupid intellect, a brutish psychological background can come a new and higher social morality I fail to see.

But Mr. Bourne's calm revelations ought to command our serious attention, and if the decay of devotion will not permit us to say, with Robert L. Stevenson,

> I fling my soul and body down
> For God to plough them under,

may we not determine that we will do what we can to throw light upon these sad, these immoral conditions which threaten the life of our people?

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

FIREFLIES

> O little people of the night,
> How have you loved the heavenly light:
> In darkness lived with suns afar,
> Till each is now a quivering star
> Making the marshland of the day
> By night a fairy milky-way!
>
> —*Elmer Ellsworth Brown.*

My Library—No. IX.

One of the hours that I live over with so much heart-swelling gratitude that sometimes nearly every other hour seems comparatively unimportant, was that of a Sunday afternoon in my first year as a medical student, spent in one of the halls of the University of Michigan. At church it had been announced that a lecture would there be given by the Rev. Benjamin F. Cocker, D. D., and that all were cordially invited to be present. I had already heard Dr. Cocker spoken of as being not only a very able, but a generous-hearted man, who had suffered much from sickness and death in his family, and had quite recently experienced the horrors of shipwreck while on his way from Australia to England. Formerly a Methodist clergyman, he was now incumbent of the chair of "Mental and Moral Philosophy" in the University. Both the man and his probable topic being thus made attractive, I went to his lecture room with anticipations that were in no wise not amply justified by what the speaker said. As I remember, Dr. Cocker gave a sort of résumé of the reasons why Christianity was more worthy of acceptance than other religions, such as Buddhism, Parseeism, Confucianism, and the like. He also dwelt somewhat in detail upon the comparative merits of the various Greek philosophies, especially those of the Stoics and Epicureans as developed in the life of imperial Rome, in being propaedeutic, as he termed it, to Christianity itself. Altogether it was one of the masterly discourses that compel earnest attention from even those who like myself could only partially comprehend and appropriate, and it was likewise imbued with such a spirit of kindly respect for everyone and every doctrine referred to, that one's heart was won and kept, from first to last. With this lecture began my interest in metaphysics as such; for in it Dr. Cocker revealed to me once for all the peculiar kind of "twist" in my own mentality, which ever since has been the source of some of the most enjoyable hours of my life. Indeed, so attractive have such themes and studies been, that at times I have had difficulty in keeping my inclination to pursue them exclusively under practical control. Had it not been for the stern necessity of earning my livelihood, I should quite probably have become some sort of Platonic or Epicurean, Hegelian, or other dreamer, as exclusive perhaps as unpractical. In fact, there have been times when it has almost seemed a cruelly unjustifiable misapplication of my best nature, not to follow my metaphysical bent, no matter what practical consequences might thus be neglected.

One of the outcomes of that auspicious lecture-hour was an attempt, as opportunity offered, to learn all that I could of Greek philosophy through reading books obtained from the university library. In this way I tried to learn a little about every one who had figured most conspicuously, from Thales to Diogenes Laertius. Before me, as I write, is a sort of chart I then constructed, on which the several names of Greek philosophers and their doctrines are rather succinctly represented. Especially was I interested in reading whatever of translation from the originals I could find. In this pursuit I in time most fortunately hit upon Jowett's "Translation of Plato," and I remember very vividly with what satisfaction I read portions of this, especially "Charmides," "Crito," certain parts of "The Republic," and presumably other chapters as well.

Nor did my somewhat peculiar readings end here. My notes show that, through the Neo-Platonists, discovered in other volumes, I reached Justin Martyr and others of the "Church Fathers," and that later I came upon Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel, and even read more or less in Cousin's "The True, the Beautiful and the Good." Certainly Dr. Cocker's lecture had proved to be stimulating, as none other had ever been in my experience; and, as I heard him repeatedly afterwards, I found that his kindly heart, his broad mind, his clear-cut beliefs, his vigorous activity, served to realize more fully my conception of what a real man and a most useful teacher could be, and was. My personal conversation with him, however, was limited to the hour, when, according to the then common custom, I presented my album for his autograph. He won my love beyond words, not only by the way in which he complied with my request, but by what he wrote: "Always maintain your self-respect, obey your conscience, and fear God,"—thus impressing an injunction, which not only bespoke the genuineness of Dr. Cocker himself, but likewise appealed to me with the most pointed and most lasting effect, as well.

Contact with Dr. Cocker, together with my various readings in the university library, was what undoubtedly led to the desire to add a few volumes on the subject of philosophy to My Library. How I came to hit upon Schwegler's History of Philosophy" for my first accession of this kind, I do not now remember, although probably it was because I found it both small and comparatively cheap. At any rate, during the following summer, this book—the crabbed, terse, incomprehensible translation of Prof. Seelye,—came to be not only a frequent companion, but a veritable "tease," if not utter undoing. For of all the books I have ever tried to read this proved easily the hardest. In fact, scarcely a page of it could I really much understand; its short, close-packed sentences, so replete with as yet to me unthought ideas, were enough to discourage even a veteran reader, entirely familiar with this very line; but, feeling within my very soul certain stirrings that would not otherwise be quieted, I plodded on until I actually read the most of the book; and I am happy to say now that I have never regretted the effort in the least. Metaphysics may not be the most "practical" sort of reading for a youth under twenty, and having his own livelihood to get as soon as ever he can prepare himself for the task. But some time it may be found out that any sort of reading that gives the very same youth, if not facts, then *power to comprehend and use facts in the very best way*, is much more practical in the end than is the reading that mostly cumbers the mind with facts chiefly, and thus perhaps clogs what power there is, often to its very serious discomfiture. All along through the years since then have I never found the occasional reading of Plato, of Kant, of Hegel, of Windelband, of Royce, and their like, to be anything but most clarifying of personal power, bracing to the spirit, and prompting to ever renewed effort to do my duty in a more nearly whole-souled way than ever before. Indeed, for the whole brood of psychical namby-pambyisms, emotional dumps and fags, disappointments and failures, so common to human life, there is nothing more grandly rectifying than an oc-

casional stiff page or two of just such hard wrestling as I have given with the "transcendental" literature that these authors write. For if there is nothing actually abnormal in one's make-up, it often proves to be a most genuine exercise of all that is best within one, and yields unmistakably much that is prophetic of better strength and comfort ever afterwards. In this respect, for the ordinary reader, I know of nothing better, even now, than the volume by Dr. Cocker himself, published in the same year that I heard him lecture, and entitled "Christianity and Greek Philosophy." In this there is exhibited all the qualities that made him so effective as a lecturer, and likewise a sufficiently finished literary quality to make the book readable many times over. I do not know whether this volume is one that is recommended to classes in theological seminaries, or not; it certainly should be, both for its sound philosophical sense and its wide instruction. The date of the purchase of my copy is October 21, 1870. It bears the mark of much handling as well as of the many years of service in My Library. But its cracked and faded back, its check-marks and emendations and inserts, all make it supremely dear to me; and there are times when, like a little girl with her dilapidated doll, I could take it to bed with me, so close do its pages and the spirit of its beloved author, long since dead, come to me. Dr. Cocker yet lives for me in a reality scarcely approached by anyone else I have ever known.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE YOUNG MAN'S PRAYER

When full of years, O God! and reckoned sage,
Companied by the memories that enshrine
The Past: when Life has yellowed o'er the page
Of Youth, and, musing, I must needs repine
The loss of friends, that bitter sign of age,
White hairs, the silver sign:

Oh, may the Long Ago loom soft and fair,
Recalling, not the evil and the stress,
But tranquil hours, and gentle faces there,
Flashes of joy and sacred tenderness;
A sense of peace along the evening air,—
Visions that charm and bless!

—*Richard Burton.*

Minnesota, North Dakota and Wisconsin have a special interest in the Norwegian centenary that falls this year, for they number in their population more Norwegian immigrants and descendants of Norwegian immigrants than any of the other states. The three commonwealths are sending commissioners who will have charge of exhibits at the Christiania celebration, and who will seek to show Norway that the great prosperity of her children in our Northwest is a good reason why many more of the same sturdy stock should come. The Fourth of July will be celebrated by unveiling a statue of Lincoln that the Norwegians of North Dakota are to give their native land. In the parade the Wisconsin Norwegians will bear the tattered battle flag that the 15th Wisconsin regiment carried in the Civil War. The regiment was made up wholly of Scandinavians.

Youths' Companion.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XIII—*Continued.*

KANSAS MEETING IN THE ALBANY CAPITAL.

A meeting in the interest of the movement to make Kansas a free State was held in the capitol at Albany, March 13, 1856, at which Gerrit Smith was the principal speaker. In the course of his address he lamented the insertion, in the free State constitution adopted at Topeka, of the article excluding free negroes from the Territory.

For the sake of peace with that power (the slave power) they (the people of Kansas) have voted to shut out the free colored men from their Territory. But the people of Kansas need to retain God. This, however, no people can do who proscribe and ostracize their brother. God goes with the wronged and outcast, and the men who vote away freedom, or suffrage, or a home from the black man, vote away God from themselves.

This surrender to the cruel prejudice against the negro, on the part of the framers of the Topeka constitution, did not serve in the least, however, to check Mr. Smith's determination to aid free State settlers to the extent of his power and influence.

"Do we pity them?" he asks; and answers, "We do. Will we do for them what we can? We will. Were we in their circumstances and they in ours, we would have them limit their aid to us only by their ability. Let us . . . give the Committee what moneys we can, and go back to our respective neighbors and beg them to give likewise. Is it asked for what the money is needed? I answer, it is needed to buy bread for the people of Kansas, for their oppressors must have reduced many of them to poverty. When they should have been left to their industrious and peaceful pursuits and to earn the means of livelihood, they have been compelled to march to the relief of this, that and the other threatened community; to muster in camps; to carry their arms by day and to sleep upon them at night. The money is needed, too, to purchase the means of their defense. And it is also needed toward defraying the emigrating expenses of a part of the thousands of strong and brave men, who will, we trust, leave our State the present spring to become actual, permanent, useful inhabitants of Kansas. I refer to that part of these thousands, who, because they have but little property, are entitled to our help."

There is a significantly prophetic passage in this Albany speech of Mr. Smith's. Referring to the violation of the Missouri Compromise by the Nebraska Bill, he said:

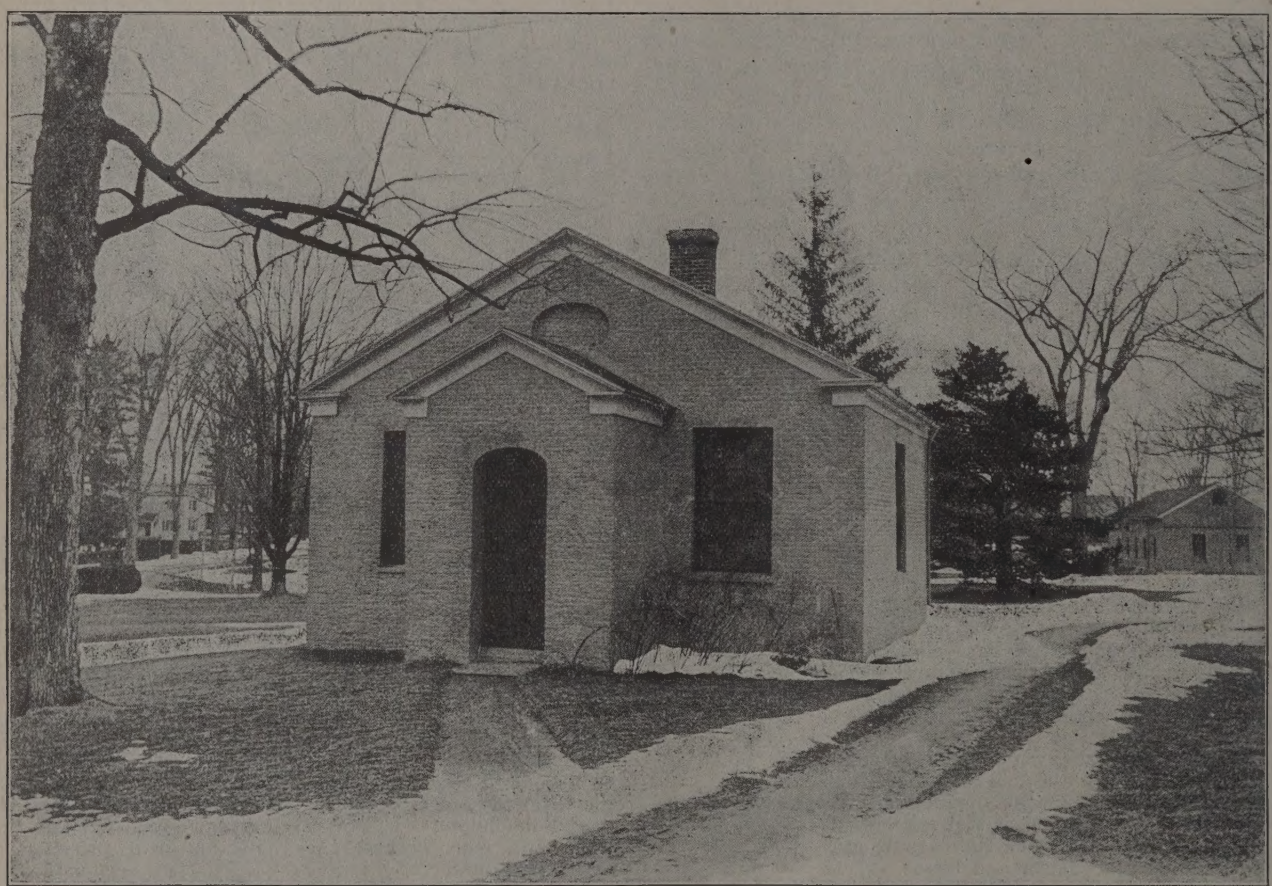
That violation . . . may turn out in its results to be one of the best things. In my speech on the floor of Congress against the Nebraska Bill, I predicted that slavery would lose its present dominion in grasping after more. There are multiplying indications at the present time that this prediction will be fulfilled. Slavery, instead of finding in Kansas a reinvigorated and new life . . . is not improbably destined to meet there with defeat and death. *Yes, Kansas may prove to be the grave of American slavery. The tide of war, once set in motion there, as the maddened slave power seems intent it shall be, will rise and rise and never subside, until it shall have overwhelmed and swept away the whole of American slavery.*

Few were better advised of the conditions in Kansas than Gerrit Smith, and few, perhaps none, were doing to much as he to support the free State effort. His purse was open continually to the cause, and his speeches were weighty forces to awaken the interest and secure the co-operation of slower-moving minds and consciences.

There were occasions, however, when his zeal carried him beyond the bounds of prudence, though not beyond the bounds of what was morally justifiable in the advocacy of a policy of resistance to the forces of the federal government, e. g.

Some four months later than the Albany meeting, viz., July 10, 1856, a "Kansas Convention" was held at Buffalo, at which, as a matter of course, Gerrit Smith was a prominent figure. Events had been moving fast on the soil of the disputed Territory, and the tide of indignation in the breast of the philanthropist had fully kept pace with them. A series of resolutions, ten in number, were drawn by Mr. Smith and presented, which were, some of them, little less than furious. It was, it is true, a righteous fury, and directed to ends of justice. But certain of the resolutions so directly attacked the Federal administration, urging practical defiance of it, that they were met with opposition from the more calculating persons present. In attempting to overcome this opposition, Mr. Smith in a speech expressed in even clearer terms his condemnation of the course of the administration, and his sense of the rightfulness of even armed resistance to its forces in Kansas. He said:—

Mr. President: Of my series of resolutions, the Convention has adopted the three which set forth our plan of operations. I wish that the other resolutions in this series might be adopted. But it is objected to some of them, that they go to array us directly and dangerously against the government. In point of fact, however, the government has disappeared. It has identified itself with the scoundrels who invade and tyrannize over Kansas. It is sunk and lost in border ruffianism. Had we a government, we should have no occasion and no right to be here, devising succor and deliverance for the oppressed and outraged people of Kansas. In that case we should have stayed at home and called on the government to do this work. With me government is a sacred thing. I can never consent to the usurpation of its powers. To it alone, under heaven, do I accord the right to destroy human life. Not even to subvert a whole system of slavery would I have one drop of blood shed aside from the legitimate operations of an existing government. Where government does not exist—where government is not present—individuals and communities must do as best they can. They may feel bound to extemporize a government—to make themselves the government. In such circumstances are the people of Kansas, and we are their friends. We may wield the sword because there is no government;—or rather because, through the failure of government, we obey the necessity of the case and recognize ourselves to be the government.



Gerrit Smith's Land Office, Peterboro. Mr. Smith, at the time when his landed possessions were most extensive, owned land in 54 of the 60 counties of New York, besides vast tracts in other states, particularly Virginia and Michigan. In February, 1846, Mr. Smith issued a thick pamphlet announcing the sale at public auction during that year of three-quarters of a million acres, in 45 of the 59 counties of the State. The greater part of these lands were an inheritance from his father. At the time of his death Mr. Smith's landed properties had shrunken, mainly by gifts, to very modest dimensions. He was a decided opponent of land monopoly, regarding it as an even greater evil than slavery.

Just here let me advert to the great mistake into which the people and friends of Kansas fell. They took ground against the Missouri scoundrels; but the Federal government, unworthy of the name of government, and called such by me only for the sake of convenience, this government, the patron and partner of those less guilty scoundrels, they decline to oppose. Absurd distinction! Diastrous inconsistency! For it is this government which maintains and enforces the spurious and cruel dominion that the Missouri scoundrels have set up in Kansas. . . . . .

What we ask of Congress is to sweep aside this whole ruffian government. . . . Nothing less will content us. If Congress shall leave the people of Kansas still under that government, and with the Federal government still to enforce it, then is Congress, whatever the deceptive appearance it may get up to the contrary, to be regarded as the enemy of Kan-

sas; and then must the people and friends of Kansas draw the sword to defend themselves, as well against the Federal troops as against Missouri and other ruffians. . . . . .

The peril of taking up arms, or only of counselling to take up arms against the Federal government (continued Mr. Smith) has been adverted to in this debate. But why should men, who have given themselves up to their duty, be concerned with the perils of doing their duty?

He closed his speech with his oft-repeated announcement that the North, no less than the South, was responsible for the cause of all the trouble. If the South has sinned fearfully in keeping alive and extending the system of slavery, no less fearfully has the North sinned in refusing to kill the bloody and infernal system at the ballot-box. For the civil war that has already broken out in this land, I hold the North and South equally responsible.[2]

AN ADDRESS TO THE SLAVES.

Ten years before the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, the New York Anti-Slavery Convention, meeting in Peterboro, took the radical action of adopting and printing an address to slaves, encouraging all in bondage to seek liberty, by promises of aid and protection from friends in the North. The underground railway was well established by that date, with various lines in operation from South to North; slaves were already fleeing from their masters in great numbers every year, and it was the hope of those who united in this address that slave-holding might be made so full of risks by reason of the propensity of that form of "property" to take itself out of the hands of its owners, that emancipation on some terms would be hastened.

The address, of twenty-three closely written pages, made a small pamphlet three by four inches in size. Such a pamphlet could easily be carried and readily hidden.

As abolitionists were persistently accused of inciting the slaves to insurrection, or endeavoring to do so, a paragraph from the address bearing on this matter is worth quoting.

And now with respect to your own duties. Woeful as is slavery and desirable as is liberty, we entreat you to endure the former rather than take a violent and bloody hold of the latter. Such, maifestly, was the teaching of Paul to the slaves of his time. Whatever was his reason, the reason for our similar teaching is, that recourse to violence and bloodshed for the termination of slavery is very likely, in the judgment of a large proportion of us, to result in the confirmation and protraction of the evil. . . . It is on the condition that you shall not stain it with blood, that you will be entitled to respect, and we shall continue to advocate your cause unitedly and hopefully. It is about ten years since the anti-slavery movement in this country began. During all this time there has been no servile insurrection at the South.

But the address, while it counseled slaves against staining the good cause of freedom with the blood of their masters, counselled them just as strongly to let no opportunity go by that promised any hope of escape. "We call upon every slave who has the reasonable prospect of being able to run away from slavery, to make the experiment," it reads. And continuing:

We rejoice with all our hearts in the rapid multiplication of escapes from the house of bondage. They are now a thousand a year; a rate more than five times as great as before the anti-slavery effort. The fugitive need feel little apprehension after he has entered a free State. . . . We add that the fugitive slave may safely continue in some of the free states, especially in those where a jury passes on the question whether "service or labor may be due" from a man merely because he has had the misfortune to fall into the hands of kidnappers and be reduced to slavery. We leave him, however, to his own free choice between taking up his abode with us and in the British dominions. If he prefer the latter, we will gladly furnish him with facilities for realizing his preference. The abolitionist knows no more grateful employment than that of carrying the dog and rifle hunted slave to Canada.

It may be well to say here that it has often occurred to us that the inhabitants of the South, who pity the slave, would render him an inestimable service by supplying him with a pocket compass. Could every slave who encounters the appalling perils of flight from bondage have access to this little and cheap and unerring guide, he might dispense with the shining of the North star. An occasional match-light to show him the needle of the compass would suffice for his direction in the darknest night. . . . . .

Cherish no vindictive or unkind feelings towards your oppressors. Early and late, with all possible cheerfulness, yield them your unrecompensed toil. Submit to stripes and to every exaction which you can submit to without sin. Your consent to violate God's law, let no bribes nor sufferings be able to obtain. . . . . .

Perilous as it is, you should nevertheless snatch all your little opportunities to learn to read. . . . The slave who has learned to read a map has already conquered half the difficulty in getting to Canada; and the slave who has learned to read the Bible can learn the way to heaven. Have no conscience against violating the wicked law which forbids you to read it.

The reader may we wondering how it was proposed to acquaint the generally illiterat bond people with the contents of this little book. He also may have thought that the phraseology of the address was rather elevated for the ignorant minds to whom it was directed. The average southern negro, with his very limited vocabulary, would have found little to illuminate his understanding in the address, because of its too-excellent English. But those matters had been thought of by the convention in deciding to print the address. "We shall get as many copies of this address into the hands of your white friends in the slave states as we can," it runs. "To these, as also to the few (alas, how few) of the colored people of the South, who, some by permission and some by stealth, have obtained the art of reading, we look to acquaint you with its contents."

The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 had changed conditions in the North so far as they affected escaped slaves. It was no longer true that "the fugitive slave may safely continue" in any of the free states. The arm of the slaveholder had been lengthened and strengthened.

Dramatic scenes often took place in connection with the Kansas meetings, as they were held here and there over the North. At Ashburnham, Mass., e. g., a gathering of Kansas sympathizers was being addressed by

2. An interesting item of corroboration of Gerrit Smith's frequently repeated assertion that the North no less than the South was responsible for the sin of slavery, recently came to light in connection with a suit at law by the executors of the will of Augustus Hemenway against the town of Milton, Mass., for the recovery of certain taxes. Mr. Hemenway, a wealthy Boston merchant, died in 1876, and a clause of his will reveals the fact that he was at the date of his death the owner of estates in the island of Cuba, and that a part of his Cuban property consisted of slaves. The paragraph in the will proving Mr. Hemenway's ownership of slaves eleven years after the adoption of the amendment to the constitution forever abolishing slavery in the United States is as follows:

"Excepting, however, my real estate and immovable property lying in the island of Cuba, together with slaves, steam launch, engines and machinery, oxen, horses and mules, carts and vehicles, agricultural and mechanical instruments, and other personal property in said island, commonly used in carrying on my plantation in that island * * ..."

Cuban slavery was admittedly far more severe than American slavery and attended by far fewer mitigations. Comparing and contrasting Cuban with American slavery, Gerrit Smith said:

"With the slaves of no part of the world have I sympathized more deeply than with the slaves of Cuba, for theirs is the cruellest, most brutifying of all the types of bondage. Happily for its victims, American slavery encounters, and is modified by, a higher civilization than that which pervades the dominions of Spain and rejoices in bull fights."

Slavery was abolished in Cuba in 1880.

Rev. Elnathan Davis, an "orthodox" minister, famous in his day for his wisdom, zeal and keen wit. In the course of his speech Mr. Davis said: "The pro-slavery crowd out in Kansas are not without arguments. Yes, they have arguments, and here is one of them! It went through the wall of the Free State Hotel in Lawrence," and with that he rolled a cannon ball across the table in front of him. The table stood on the edge of the platform and the cannon ball fell with a sheer drop to the floor of the hall, making an impact at which the window rattled. "Yet even with such arguments as these against us," continued Mr. Davis, "we will meet them, and with God's help we will conquer them!"

The applause that followed this incident was loud and long.[3]

THE STUDY TABLE

Books, Etc.

I am in receipt of Bulletins from the Federal Council of the Churches of Chrst of America. This body is courteous enough to recognize the fact that there have been "previous movements toward the fellowship of churches." However, it claims alone to be something "official and ecclesiastical." Its constituency consists of a long list of orthodox organizations, headed by Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, and including the "African." We recognize a marked step in advance of the old orthodox movements, that these will take in the blacks. Thank the Lord! Only we do not know as the Africans are willing partners.

The whole affair is spread out to cover State Federations, Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Religious Education, Evangelism (including Billy Sunday), Sunday Observance, Peace and Arbitration. But when you read the Functions of the Council, you discover that they have been aiming to create "a state of mind which has deepened their sense of fellowship," by getting rid of a lot of functions which have been created mainly and solely to divide Christian co-operation.

Universalists and Unitarians, who have heretofore undertaken about all the church fellowship and co-operation movements, are modestly excluded from this affair. That seems to be all right, because really we Liberals do not have any sincere co-operation with those who damn their neighbors to save themselves. In other words, the Christianity of the present day cannot be furthered by any organic effort to increase the strength of bigoted organizations. If we get together we must come together as men and women; as children of God, and we must drop out, altogether, fealty to wretched little organisms that have done nothing but quarrel—that do not express Christianity nor advance the truth as it is in Jesus.

Which reminds me that our "Congress of Religion" was a legitimate outgrowth of the "Parliament of Religions," and it stood for genuine fellowship of every son of God. It did not exclude anyone because he detested the doctrine of hell, nor anyone else because he refused to affirm that Jesus was born without a father. The only permanent and eternally growing co-operation of the family of God will not exclude free thinkers, if noble men and women. I do not know just what the Congress of Religion is doing just now to win the world; but in the end not far off, it or its child will include all Christianity and all Christians. We have not seen the end of this inspiration to unity. Someone will come with a genius for leadership, and he will speak the simple creed of Jesus, and the end will be "On earth Peace, Good Will Among Men."

If we are going on to teach absurdities and miraculous falsehoods, if we are to claim inspiration from the Infinite God for our hobbies, it makes little difference whether we are unified or scattered. In fact the more little cliques the better. My impression is that the only way of ever getting a reign of reason and righteousness is the splitting of the ranks of absolutism in belief. I see no advantage in this "Federal Council" except a fresh endorsement of the very stuff we want to get rid of. When the time comes for a great progressive movement it will take in Jews and Mohammedans as well as Liberal sects and Orthodox sects; but it will take them in as seekers after light, as pupils of Jesus Christ, as lovers of the Golden Rule, and we shall not care a Roman farthing for the separate claims of separate members to inspiration, ordination and authority. There is no authority ahead but truth, and the truth must be found out by honest seeking, and modest readiness to accept; but just as much readiness to reject. I cannot see any special happiness that can accrue from swallowing the absurdities of twenty sects in one big pill; let me rather be stupid with half a dozen, or a fool with fifty.

I have from *Macmillan & Co.* another volume of Commentary on the Old Testament Prophets. This is on Amos, Hosea and Micah. It is the work of Prof. J. M. P. Smith of University of Chicago. The volumes constitute a part of the "Bible for Home and School," and are intended to place the results of the best modern Biblical scholarship at the disposal of the general reader. The work done is splendid of its kind, but I cannot see why this Hebrew Bible should be worked over and over for a modern American home or school. Is it not time that we had a Bible of our own, instead of borrowing a lot of literature from another people? We could have a volume made up from Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Charles Sumner, Phillips Brooks, President Wilson, etc., and made to be household study in every home of the land. Then our preachers, instead of opening a book mainly made up of myths and manufactured history, would find something worth the while to talk about. It would end in making an American people in religion as well as in politics. As long as we bring forward the "Acts of the Apostles" and such rubbish as of equal value with Job and the Gospels, it will be impossible for Jesus ever to find his place as the soul of Christianity. So long as missionaries are running around the world with the Sermon on the Mount under one arms, and the Book of Revelation under the other, what will the heathen think of our great poet and preacher, Jesus?

From the same house I get a valuable book on Japan, by Prof. Harada, president of Boshisha University. This book is of real interest to every intelligent reader; if you wish to understand Japanese ways of thinking, get it.

Also I have from *Macmillans* "Training the Girl," by Wm. A. McKeever, "Professor of Child Welfare" in the University of Kansas. There is something won-

3. Quincy A. Petts, Springfield "Republican," June 15, 1911.

derful about this new sort of professorship; and most of all in its magnificent faith in humanity. Our schools are bound, pretty soon, to be found elevating young people, not merely stuffing them. The ideal school is to give power to all our faculties and make life worth the living. Ah well, why not? This is the age of automobile machines, and not of pigmy men. Go ahead with your school evolution; from training in the common schools, to correlate all effort in State universities, and then correlate State universities in a national university at Washington. This was the dream of Washington, the resolution of Jefferson, the hope of Charles Sumner; and now it is once more becoming the resolution of the best thinkers in America.

E. P. POWELL.

What Shall We Say?

Hard Times in Europe

What shall we say of the "Hard Times" of 1914? If we are honest and reasonably intelligent, we shall not blame the Tariff Act, nor the Currency Bill, nor the Land Schemes of Henry George. Blame rather the waste of war. For it is not an American affair. Hard Times is a world-wide concern. Unemployed men tramp every road in France; "La France c'est un pays de Misère;" "France is a land of misery," said a Frenchman to me today. A hundred thousand unemployed men are on the streets of Berlin.

Why? This is the reason in part. The capital consumed in war and war preparations—about $2,000,000,000 last year, in Europe—is chiefly borrowed money, money that ought to have been loaned or used for enterprise. The men the war system withdraws from real work to tramp the fields in shoddy uniforms at wages of a cent or two a day, are men who ought to be earning a dollar a day in useful labor. The others support them by taxes. By taxes they pay interest on a hundred years of money borrowed for the waste of war. More taxes mean more armament, more waste of capital, higher prices for necessities, reduced consumption, reduced production, and more and more men unemployed. Every man malemployed means another unemployed. Every dreadnought built in Europe means more women taking in washing, more babies dying of neglect.

Under the head of the "Crisis Unexcusable," Monthoron of the *Paris Journal* discusses the fall of the great finance house of Charles Victor and the situation which caused it:

"The silly armaments of Europe are costing billions of francs; the press campaign in every country set going to prove the necessity of armament, to justify its urgency and its extent, has already cost most dearly and will cost more to the end. The business man reads as he rises, in the morning papers, page after page of wise dissertation on plans of mobilization, on the urgency of reforms in guns and military equipment, on the modification of tactics of this or that branch of war. Nothing of industry, commerce, agriculture or manufacture—only guns and ships. With all this he finds a black picture of the distress of France, of this or that method of pretending to make good the nation's deficits. The melancholy business man passes on to the third page. The latest news is alive with sensations. The crisis in Albania grows grave! Discontent in Epirus will set the Balkan again in flames! Revolution seethes in Sofia! Turkey buys every morning a new dreadnought! * * * The whole country is filled with an atmosphere of trouble, the violences of political parties raging around a financial condition, shameful enough but not desperate."

The financier dares buy nothing. He can sell nothing. The air is poisoned by war. Nobody takes chances on anything now, while old ventures narrow their risks. It is no matter of over-production; there is no over-production. But no one is taking fresh chances. Money is timid, especially in stormy weather. It does not venture out when it cannot see its way back. Hate is bad for all forms of business.

The War System is built on hate—hatred of nobody in particular, only of "enemies." The costliest thing in the world is "Impersonal Hate." How long shall we stand it?

Cannes, France. DAVID STARR JORDAN.
January 20, 1914.

The Menace of Drink

"It is quite true that I have taken much more interest in the temperance question in the last ten years of my life than I did earlier, and this increase of interest has come from certain studies and opportunities for observation. These studies related to the terrible effects of alcoholism in increasing the number of the feeble-minded, insane and criminal in our American communities. Later, I had the opportunity of studying the German investigations on the mental effects of very limited doses of alcohol, doses which most people have always supposed to be completely innocuous. The German investigations seemed to me to prove that even twenty-four hours after taking a small dose of alcohol the time-reaction in the human being is unfavorably affected. Now the quickness of the time-reaction is important to every mechanic; to every artisan, and particularly to every person who is engaged in a dangerous occupation, like driving an automobile for instance, or managing a circular saw, or, indeed, in the tending of any powerful machine or hot furnace. Lastly, somewhat more than a year ago, I had a long opportunity of observing the difference between the white race and the Japanese, the Chinese, the Indian, the Malay, and some of the Mahometan people, in regard to susceptibility to the alcoholic temptation. The white race is inferior to all the other people I have named in regard to this susceptibility to the temptation of alcoholism. No observant person can travel through the East for a year without being shocked by the manifest tendency of the white race temporarily resident there to destroy itself through alcoholism. Alcohol is destructive in the highest degree to the white race in the tropics, and all through the tropics the white race exhibits a terrible lack of self-control with regard to the use of alcoholic drinks. It is mortifying to the last degree for an American to see intoxicated American soldiers and sailors staggering about the streets of the Chinese cities where we now have troops, and never to see a Japanese soldier in such condition; although the Japanese have five times as many troops there as we have. I mention but a single fact; but the lesson of the East is that the alcoholism of the white race must be overcome, or that vice, with the licentiousness it promotes, will overcome the race."—*Charles W. Eliot.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A TOWER HILL LETTER

The transfer from the Lincoln Centre to Tower Hill has been accomplished. This year ye editor and working staff arrived June 19 on this benignant hillside whose welcome each year is characterized by new upreach of the pines and a fresh outspread of the elms. The plum trees in front of Westhope Cottage that have sprung from the pits thrown out from the editor's room have formed a gracious screen that threatens to limit the bewitching view celebrated so many years ago in the "My River" sermon.

The party stopped on its way at the Lincoln Centre Farm near Milton Junction and met there other promoters and generous contributors, and further consultation was held with W. D. James of Fort Atkinson and his associates, W. D. Hoard and Miss Mary Pettibone Jones, the Wisconsin executive committee of the farm. The first new building, a central house for dining-room, kitchen, servants' quarters, guest chambers, etc., is fast approaching completion. A promising garden is well under way. The man and wife who are to be perpetual caretakers and farmers are cozily quartered in a tent and the remnant of the old building, a summer shack. Two matronly Guernsey cows from the W. D. Hoard Fund were knee deep in the luscious grass. Another Guernsey-Jersey donated by Mrs. O. W. Dynes was expected as soon as the quarantine laws of Wisconsin could be conformed with. Dr. Henry Favill, eminent in Chicago as municipal reformer as well as physician, is to send a Holstein heifer one of these days, so that the four cows out of the expected herd of eight will be on hand. The members of the old All Souls Church of Janesville, the organization of which is still intact, have voted $500 out of the little left-over fund in their hands to erect the first dormitory, a wooden tent to accommodate twenty cots and room for chaperon to bear in its front the words "Janesville All Souls Cottage."

The abundant rains make Tower Hill and its garden and farm look happy, and although the dining hall will not be "open" until July 1, a working force of nine are already on the ground and the first guests expected this evening are royal ones, being none other than Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Zona Gale, who are coming for a two weeks' retreat from the "madding crowd." Miss Amelia McMinn of the State Normal School at Milwaukee is to be in residence and will conduct the Nature Study classes for the Summer School. The prospects are for a full season.

Owing to road improvements under State administration, mail and passenger connections for Tower Hill will be made for the present at Spring Green, Wisconsin, not at Helena, as announced in previous printing. J. LL. J.

Tower Hill June 27, 1914.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE

Acrolein is one of the most terrible drugs in its effects on the human body. The burning of ordinary cigarette paper always produces acrolein. That is what makes the smoke so irritating. I really believe that it often makes boys insane. We sometimes develop acrolein in this laboratory in our experiments with glycerine. One whiff of it from the oven drove one of my assistants out of the building the other day. I can hardly exaggerate the dangerous nature of acrolein, and yet that is what a man or a boy is dealing with every time he smokes an ordinary cigarette.

Thomas A. Edison.

THE LAUGH IN THE CHURCH

Nobody knew the name of the woman who had laughed in the church, and those who were near enough to get a good look at her said they had never seen her face before.

It was a solemn moment when the woman laughed. A minister of God was officiating at the ceremony of marriage, and before the altar knelt a young girl of less than twenty, wearing bridal robes and orange blossoms. Her face was pale and sweet and innocent, and in her downcast eyes there was a look of religious awe. On her ungloved hand shone the band of gold which told that already she was legally a wife, although the church ceremonial was not yet quite finished.

By her side knelt the man who had chosen her, now her husband. He was twice her age, but as she was so young herself, that could still leave him a man not old in years. His face was flushed, and blotched in places. His eyes were the eyes of what is known as "a man of the world." He was not tall, and he was somewhat stout. People spoke of him as a "good liver." He had money, plenty of it, so they said, and for years he had been regarded by managing mothers as a "good catch." "For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church; and he is the saviour of the body. . . . Let the wife see that she reverence her husband. . . . "

It was here that the laugh had been heard, clear and ringing, and full of a satirical sneer. Both the minister and the congregation were shocked at the sacrilege of that laugh at so solemn a moment. There were those who said that the laugh made them shudder, others who declared that it sent a chill into their very hearts.

Who was the woman, and why had she laughed? So they questioned among themselves. Some said it was just a hysterical woman, one of those who are sure to laugh at the wrong time—at funerals, at tragedies, at weddings. Others said it was merely a school girl, a friend of the youthful bride's, who had come late and taken a back seat, and just then happened to think of some silly thing which made her giggle—yet who could call that laugh a "giggle"? There were those who thought she might have been a cast-off mistress of the bridegroom, mother of a child which rumor said he had fathered. Then, certain ones said she must surely be one of those young women who, virgin on meeting him, had been despoiled of their maidenhood and of their trust in men.

So they wondered and conjectured. Some there were who believed that the laughing woman was but a passing stranger, drawn into the church by curiosity and who, looking first at the little bride and then at the bridegroom, had given vent to a keen sense of humor when she heard the exhortation of the minister.

There was still another opinion. It was held by one who hurried from the church, awe-struck and dumb. To this one it seemed that no living woman had laughed, nor, indeed, any mortal; but that, in derision, God himself had laughed in the house which men have called his own.

—Elizabeth Banks.

The Ethical World. London.

THE RARITY OF PEACE SERMONS

To the Editor of the Congregationalist:

My heart so overflows with gratitude to you for your "A Prayer in the Shad- of War," and your editorial, "The Duty of the Hour," in the issue of April 30, that I cannot help thanking you. Would to God that we could get all editors writing such editorials and all preachers praying such peaceful, loving prayers! You are teaching the world to settle disputes without armies and navies. I have

attended church nearly every Sunday during forty years and I have heard only three sermons on Peace. I have heard reference in prayer to the Boer War, the Spanish-American War, the Russo-Japanese War, but in not one of those prayers did I hear a petition to have the war stopped or arbitrated. It was usually, "Thy will be done."

Honolulu. R. L.

The Congregationalist, June 18.

THE CHINESE STUDENTS

Says the *Congregationalist*: "Among the students who received degrees from Columbia University at its recent Commencement were twenty-three Chinese, of whom five took the Ph. D. degree. It is said that 594 Chinamen will receive their degrees at American college Commencements this year, their number being only exceeded among foreign students in the American institutions by those from Canada.

WOMEN PREACHERS

The Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, said to be the first woman minister regularly ordained in this country, celebrated her eighty-ninth birthday on May 20 last. She was ordained in 1853 after a struggle of some years. Today more than twenty-five hundred women are preaching in the United States as regularly ordained ministers. When she sought a college education in 1843 there was only one higher institution of learning open to women, the Collegiate Institute, now Oberlin College, at Oberlin, Ohio. Today in the universities, colleges and technical schools of the United States there are over five thousand women serving as professors and instructors and more than one hundred thousand woman students. There are over two thousand woman lawyers and more than seven thousand women who are regularly certificated physicians and surgeons. All this change is part of a great progress toward freedom and better things. It will go further.

Collier's.

A subscriber offers to send what is practically a complete set of UNITY from May 11, 1893, to March, 1902, to anyone willing to pay expressage on the same from Rochester, N. Y. Application should be made to the UNITY office.

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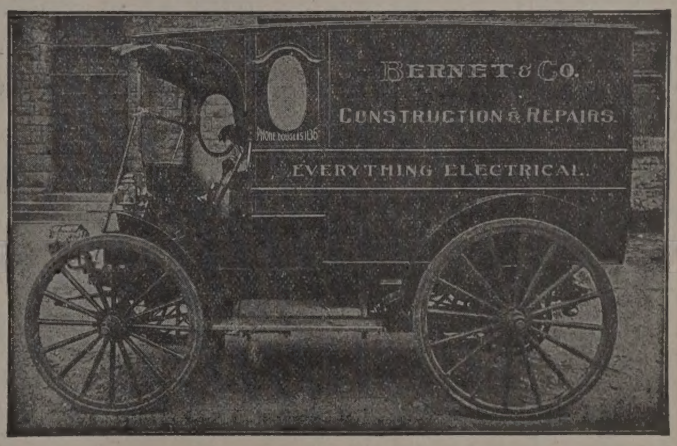

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